The Impressario.

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Music, Literature, and Art.

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AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shell
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them. Thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourne,
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter from the skies.

—KEATS.

BELLINI.

VINCENSO BELLINI, one of the most popular of modern composers, was born at Catania, in Sicily, on the 3d of November, 1802. He received his instructions in music at the Conservatory of Naples, principally under the direction of Tritto and Zingarelli. His first compositions, consisting of several instrumental pieces, Church melodies, and pieces for the flute, clarionette and pianoforte, together with a cantata, "*Ismena*," must be ranked rather in the category of class-exercises. His opera, *Adelson and Salvina* (produced in 1824 at the theatre of the Conservatory of Naples), first drew the attention of the public upon him, and procured for him the commission to write the opera *Bianca e Gernaudo*, for the San Carlo Theatre. This opera was presented in 1826 with such success as to secure for him the position to write for *La Scala* at Milan. Here he composed *Il Pirata*, which spread his fame over entire Italy. During the years from 1827 to 1833 he brought forth the operas *La Straniera*, *I Montechi el I Capuleti*, *La Sonambula*, *Norma*, and *Beatrice di Tenda*, which were listened to with rapture throughout the whole of Europe. The heir to the throne and fame of Rossini had been found, and, to establish the universal acknowledgment of his rights, he needed only to obtain in person the approbation of the two leading cities of the musical world, Paris and London. He visited these cities in 1833, first going to Paris, where, in 1834, he produced the *Puritans*, creating general enthusiasm. But he was not long to enjoy the great fame it had won for him On the 24th of September of the following year, 1835, the relentless hand of death tore him away from the midst of his friends and admirers. He died at Puteaux, near Paris, of inflammation of the lungs. We may boldly assert that he was possessed of a talent which, had more time been given it for development, could have furnished us with compositions of a higher standard. But Bellini passed away at the very moment that his power as a composer began to develop itself. This is shown in his *Puritans*. Here he manifested a tendency to a more correct characterizing and individualizing than was done in previous operas. The melodies do not charm the senses only, but they are better suited also to the circumstances. The *ensembles* are better arranged, the harmonies more choice, the separate parts less restrained by old forms, and the instrumentation more refined. It is true, he constantly pursued one and the same course, and could not, as Rossini did, in his *Tell*, launch forth into new and original ways; but we must remember that Rossini's talent was of a far more extended range, and besides this he had the advantage of practice and long experience.

Should we compare these two composers, we would unhesitatingly grant Rossini the preference of originality, whilst Bellini is rather an imitator. Yet we must remark, and it must be well understood, that he does not, like Mercadante, Paccini and others, copy the *melodies*, but only the *methods* of Rossini. Bellini has put on the exterior form of his model, but he has set it off with his own characteristics, without sacrificing, as Mercadante and Paccini did, his individuality. Still we cannot but acknowledge that the originality of Bellini is restricted to the sphere of sentimentality and softness, and that the expression of the powerful or of the joyous is beyond his mastery; nay, in compositions of the latter nature he becomes coarse (?) or trivial. His restricted limit necessarily produces a sort of monotony, and hence we can not perceive such a variety in his works as in those of Rossini. The latter is incomparably more genial, varied, more sparkling and exciting than Bellini, but at the same time more careless; whilst Bellini is more sober and conscientious; but for this reason also less powerful and inspiring. In short, to express, in a nutshell, what we have said of these two Italians, Rossini claims the right of genius, whilst Bellini must rest content with that of talent.

It is pleasant to do one's duty even without reward.

THE ORGAN.

THE very fundamental principle of a good organ is steadiness of the wind; without capacious feeders, reservoirs, and large sound boards, this can not be obtained. It is frequently the case that delicate effects are marred, and grand effects completely spoiled, through an inefficient and imperfect supply of wind. Where large pedal pipes are in the specification, a separate reservoir should be stipulated for to supply those pipes. Unsteadiness is often caused through the sudden drawing of some heavy pedal stop and the equally sudden shutting it in again. The second desideratum we take to be a sufficient space for each pipe to speak in; all, except in unavoidable circumstances, should stand over their own wind, and not depend on conveyancing. Far more effective is a small organ whose pipes are amply provided with wind and room to speak in, than those of double the size which have been crowded into an insufficient space, the wonder being that any of the pipes speak their right notes when so placed. We are no advocates for "noisy organs," but have long been impressed with the idea that every pipe should do its work thoroughly, which is an impossibility without an ample supply of wind. The next point that should be insisted on is that the action shall be moderately light, tempered to stand against the exigencies of the weather, and, as much as possible, made to work quietly and smoothly without the use of bushing and the like, which sooner or later wears out, making the action more unpleasant than if it had never been used at all. The most essential point is, of course, the tone; this, it has been undeniably settled, is best produced from wood without knots, zinc or hard metal for the large pipes, and a preponderance of tin over lead in the smaller ones. The precise proportion of tin, or the kind of wood best adapted, it is not our purpose to discuss here; we, therefore, merely repeat a foregone conclusion. As to the voicing, many differences of opinion exist, and consequently many different results may be obtained from the same pipe; but we take it that Father Smith's diapasons at St. Paul's, as we heard them when the old organ was on the screen, were about as near the perfection of tone as has yet been discovered. They combined a full bright tone, with a depth and volume, the like of which it is seldom our good fortune to meet with. The Germans make the finest flue work, and the French the finest reeds, in the world; all praise to those of our organ builders who are striving to combine these two elements. There is a vast amount of room for improvement, but to discuss the minutiæ of detail would require a larger space than is available. What we are especially desirous of calling attention to is, that a preponderance of stops does not mean a good instrument; that in most cases it would be better to accept a smaller specification—which, on paper, may appear higher in price—and have a thoroughly sound and conscientiously built instrument, than one of a larger number of stops where every good qualification is sacrificed for quantity. How often have

we seen that because one organ builder gave an additional stop, to him was entrusted the building of an instrument which was to be a source of pleasure or regret for years to come, the question of quality having been ignored altogether; when the "opening" has taken place, and the organist, Sunday by Sunday, discovers defect after defect, comes disappointment and regret where delight and appreciation should reign, and the mental resolve to avoid that organ builder for the future. Unfortunately, the damage is done.—*Musical Standard.*

[From the South St. Louis.]

THE FAIR SOUTH AND WEST.

OUR Twelfth Annual Fair, with all its industrial, mechanical and artistic beauties, has passed away, leaving behind it, upon the dial plate of Time, a throng of bright and golden memories that will fade only when the sun of our life will have sunk into the dark stream of Death. For there, linked together by the ties of a common interest and animated by the spirit of progress, we beheld the uniting of the four great sections of the United States of America.

First, if not "among the Nations of the earth," at least within "our heart of hearts," the glorious South was there through her representatives. From the far distant Rio Grande, whose silvery waves flow into the dashing billows of the Gulf of Mexico, to classic Potomac, along whose banks all is "quiet" now, came the representative products of the "Land we Love." King Cotton, with a power far more potent than that of the Golden Fleece of Colchis, was there with his hoary locks freighted with the farmer's hopes. Oranges, like those that grow on enchanted islands, were there from the sunny bowers of Louisiana, and beautifully granulated sugar, from the same fertile soil, was there, inviting rosy lips, sweet as its own concreted juice, to taste of its imprisoned lusciousness. All this, and tenfold more, was exhibited at the Fair just held, substantially, eloquently and gloriously telling that the South ranks first, in fertility and beauty, among the four quarters of this Union. Next came the mighty and the glowing West, the clime where the sunlight lingers longest, as if loth to leave a land so grand. The West, with its heart of iron, pulsing out its stream of strength to vivify and build up and roll on the Car of Progress! The West, the land where the golden sun of prosperity lies cradled in the arms of Plenty! Oh! glorious West, bright from the Day-God's fervent kiss, and strong from the iron sinews intersecting thy fertile loam, thou art "a pillar of strength" to the beautiful but yet how darkened South! For, in their iron beds, awaiting to be beaten into plough shares, or welded into polished blades, lie now many an undeveloped weapon of strength through the instrumentality of which the desolated wastes of the "Sunny South" may yet be made to "blossom as the rose," and the South and the West, by the ties of a common interest, be welded into one. By the many new inventions, emanating from the busy Western brain and inexhaustible resources, we do not hazard much when we say that the growing West is fast becoming the day-star of hope to a ruined but yet grandly glorious and still transcendently beautiful land!

"Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and so, without touching upon the many ingenious "Yankee" inventions that were very creditable exhibitions of Northern skill and enterprise, we will close our rather rambling words about the fair South and West that was so peerlessly represented at our Twelfth Annual Fair.

WAITING.

Without you, without you, my darling,
Without you—what more shall I say
To show you how lonely my heart is
Whenever your heart is away?

The days since we parted are many,
But think not I doubt you are true;
But better than fairer one's loving
Is the little one's watching for you.

I wait and I watch for you, dearest,
With never a doubt or a fear
But that some to-morrow will bring you,
Some day of all days in the year.

So many to-morrows there have been,
So many to-morrows may be;
The longest, dear, but brings me nearer
To that day of all others for me.

So hoping at morning and evening,
While others less loved come and go,
I sing the old songs that you loved, dear,
And sit by the window and sew.

And often I fancy you near me,
Your hand on the latch of the door,
Your voice in the hall, and your footstep,
Near, nearer, beside me once more.

With glad eyes, half shut now, I see you,
So strong, and so brave, and so true—
With eyes I know, even in dreaming,
Belong to no other but you.

I know that at last it is over,
The wearying trouble and care,
And comfort and courage flow back with
The touch of your hand on my hair.

But often, and often, and often,
I wake from my dream—you are gone,
I am sitting alone at my window
With the shadows of night coming on.

So often I fancy you near me,
It surely one day must come true;
So, singing—I hope when I sing, dear,
The songs that I once sang for you—

And smiling, I whisper: My darling
Must see only eyes that are bright;
No tears, then, to dim their love's sunshine—
Who knows but he *may* come to-night?

* * * * * * *

But never her lover came to her,
And never her dreaming came true—
The story has not the poor merit
Much prized—it is not even new.

—CLARA LOUISA HOWARD.

THE SUCCESSOR OF LISZT.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, the prodigious virtuoso, the athlete of the piano, the great artist whose appearance is almost uncouth, and whose manners bear a resemblance to the *poses* of fashionable performers, is a Russian by education, for he passed the earlier part of his life in Moscow, and gave his first concert, at nine years of age, in that city.

Since then he has devoted himself unceasingly to perfecting his wondrous powers of execution, of which those who have never heard him can form no idea. His first serious essays in composition were made when about twenty years of age; since then he has produced an immense number of works of all kinds—operas, oratorios, symphonies, concertos, sonatas, piano pieces, songs, choruses, etc. In all his writings are discernible the elevated thoughts, the broad style, the distinction and the skill of an eminent musician. Many of them are inaccessible save to a few pianists, because of the effects of *haute virtuosite* in which they abound, and which exact not merely practised fingers, but exceptional physical force.

Rubinstein has traveled much. He has repeatedly visited Paris, where his concerts have ever produced the liveliest sensation. He is the founder of the Conservatory, and of the Societe des Concerts of St. Petersburg; liberal offers of European managers latterly compelled him to resign the management of these important institutions. His brother, Nicholas, also a pianist, dwells in Moscow.

The great concert in the Salle Herz had summoned the most select audience, and the public assembled to pass judgment on illustrious performers. All the masters of the piano were at hand to study and applaud. After a recital of the overture to "Le Nozze," Rubinstein commenced his fourth concerto in D minor, a composition for which he has a strong predilection, and which he always renders in the concert-room. In this concerto a contest between the instrument and the orchestra is uninterruptedly in progress, and, in respect to sonority, the orchestra is not always victorious.

Powerfully conceived, learnedly developed, the andante, somewhat in the style of Mendelsshon, is full of charm. Octave passages, arpeggios, rapid crossings of hands followed each other in endless succession; Rubinstein's iron wrist makes light of the most dreaded difficulties. Those of his listeners who may have thought that similar feats overtaxed the resources of the piano, had, on another occasion, an eloquent refutal of their belief. But Rubinstein only can be his own advocate. And now the swollen torrent is become a tranquil and limpid stream. Rubinstein plays Mozart's exquisite rondo in A minor with a finesse, a suavity and a simplicity which we shall observe again by and by in his nocturne and in Chopin's.

After a dazzling fantasia, we enjoy a display of childlike grace, after a feat, after the tremendous marvels of mechanism, we hearken to faultless legato playing, to most delicate shading, to a delicious pianissimo. All eyes are turned toward the piano; the pianist is the same being. And now the Rubinstein of the concerto is restored to us. We hear the "Scherzo a Capriccio" by Mendelsshon, and the Titanic transcription of "The Erl King" by Liszt; then several of his own works: "Capriccio, an exquisite poem, "Barcarolle;" and the famed study in C, known as the study on false notes, which notes are merely very melodious appoggiaturas, quietly struck on the upper part of the keyboard with the left hand, while the right plays mad arpeggios. The impression is one of stupefaction.

After each composition came applause which shook the hall, and unending recalls, the sound of which would have made the most popular tenor or prima-donna jealous.

Total time expended at the piano by M. Rubinstein, one hour and a half, a period which would exhaust any but him. He, however, retained until the last minute his Olympian calmness, and would willingly have recommenced his task.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

The astounding statement is whispered across the Atlantic that at least one American girl has failed to impress the European capitals with the belief that she can sing Italian opera. The fact that all of them who essayed the task have succeeded "beyond the most sanguine expectations of their friends" was becoming a little tiresome. The unfortunate female is Miss Stella Bombeur, of California.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)

MOZART.

Most beautiful among the helpers thou!
All heaven's fresh air and sunshine at thy voice
Flood with refreshment many a weary brow,
And sad souls thrill with courage and rejoice
To hear God's gospel of pure gladness sound
So sure and clear in this bewildered world,
Till the sick vapors that our sense confound
By cheerful winds are into nothing whirled.
O matchless melody! O perfect art!
O lovely, lofty voice that rings so true!
O strong and radiant angel, every heart
Bows down before, with reverence ever new!
Loved shalt thou be, while time may yet endure,
Spirit of health, sweet sound, and wise and pure!

—CELIA THAXTER.

For the Impressario.

ON PIANO INSTRUCTION.

FINGERING, CONTINUED.

Fifth Rule. OCTAVE FINGERING.—Arpeggio (broken chord) passages may often be advantageously fingered by dividing them into Octaves and fingering them according to the fourth rule. For illustration, let us turn to Czerny's Forty Daily Studies, No. 3, in which the Octave Periods follow each other thus: R. H. from D to D, A to A, then two notes (F sharp and D) added; next from A to A, again two keys added; second measure from D down to D and two keys added, from D to D again, &c., &c. L. H. corresponding. An expert player may even dispense with the "two keys added," and span from Octave to Octave, viz.: From D to D, F sharp to F sharp, and A to A. The second part follows the same rule, the F sharp being taken by the first finger so as to enable the player to finger by Octaves.

Sixth Rule. REVOLVING FINGERING.—Here one key is taken, every time it returns, with the thumb, whilst the other fingers or part of them cluster around, and perform thus a revolving motion. Turn to the fourth measure of No. 7, same studies, R. H. The L. H. follows the first rule. There may be a great many more rules added; and, indeed, if you peruse the German work on Fingering, by L. Kohler, you will find a different rule to every different case. But this was not my object. I did not intend to write a work on Fingering. L. Kohler occupies that field undisputed. Indeed, I think if I had studied his work earlier I should never have dared to undertake prescribing rules. His work is almost more than complete. I wanted simplicity. I wanted something to guide the very beginner in his struggles with the keys, and in many cases I go not further than four rules, and leave the rest to printed fingering or to the intelligence of the advanced pupil. As the first four rules were of great assistance to me for over ten years, so I hope they will be to those teachers who condescend to the trouble of applying them in their tuition. They are somewhat like the Columbus egg — so simple, plain and obvious that it is strange that no compiler of instruction books, not even the learned L. Kohler, laid them down; and yet, *but unconsciously*, they all fingered by those rules.

CLOSING REMARKS.

An intelligent teacher will know when to deviate from the above rules. In many cases the pupil himself will find some other way more convenient, because less fatiguing. Those who cannot span an Octave will finger differently from those who can. Expert players use often the second finger after the third (going upward), and even the thumb after the little finger, in rapid passages, to advantage. A translation of L. Kohler's work for the benefit of the American public is very desirable, and would be, to teachers especially, of great value; but, until that work is translated, and until teachers find better rules than those mentioned, both master and pupil will not think it a waste of time to have read this little treatise on Fingering.

Columbia Atheneum, Tenn., October, 1872.

FRA DIAVOLO.

A Prima Donna Robbed by a Degenerate Brigand.

MISS VIOLETTA COLVILLE, the young American prima donna, and her mother, were waylaid by highway robbers while enjoying a carriage ride between Albisola and Savona, Italy. The letter relating the adventure is so interesting that we deem it worthy of making some extracts:

"The day before we left Savona I thought it would do Violetta good to go to the beach and walk in the sea air, she being yet not entirely strong, so we took a carriage and drove to the little village of Albisola. After walking about an hour on the shore of this very beautiful beach —hard and clean from its billions of many-colored pebbles—we started to return home. We had got about half a mile from Albisola when the carriage stopped, and the driver said that something was the matter with the vehicle, and that it could go no further. He said we must wait there and he would go into town for another carriage. I was not at all suspicious nor alarmed, and the beauty of the place where we were made me rather pleased than otherwise to remain for the hour that must ensue before our driver could return. We were in a little valley, or rather a gorge, for the hills rose on each side, and the mountains lay behind when we faced the sea, which was just visible through the gorge. We strolled about enjoying ourselves, when I heard Violetta say, 'For mercy's sake, who are these people?' I turned round and saw advancing from the sea-side five rough-looking men, who, from the shape of the road, had managed to remain concealed from view until they were within about a rod or so of us. To run would have been ridiculous; it would have shown fear where, perhaps, none was necessary; or, if so, we had no place to run to; and so, although inwardly trembling, I did not allow Violetta to think I was frightened, but said, 'Oh, they are laborers, probably returning home.' But we were quickly undeceived when one of them advanced and asked, in a tone not at all agreeing with his language, if we had not a few centissimi for a poor man? To gain time, or, rather, to gather my thoughts, I pretended not to understand Italian, and asked in French what he desired? In the meantime I had slid my hand into my pocket and slipped off my rings from my fingers. He said that he and his comrades would like a little assistance in the way of money from the mesdames. I had drawn out my pocket-book, and was proceeding to open it, when our brigand, not at all like the brigands of the drama, did not wait to accept with polite phrase any offering I might choose to give him, but incontinently snatched it from my hand. When he opened it the others crowded around him, and, seeing its contents (there were about six hundred francs in notes of various denominations), appeared highly contented; but wishing, doubtless, to have a souvenir of their unwilling benefactress, required of me my watch also, which, when I had given them, they made off with, first convincing themselves that Violetta had neither watch nor purse about her. As I, happy that we had escaped without further loss or injury, looked after the rascals, I could not help thinking of the decline of the brigand species. Alas! where were the steeple-crowned hats and flowing ribbons? Where were the silken hose wound about with many-colored tapes, that made the legs of the opera-singers look like eccentric barber poles? Alas! these real brigands were dirty, half-clad and wholly ragged specimens of that humanity most nearly allied to the brute family. Now, if they had only been stage brigands, they would have recognized the young prima donna assoluta Signorina Violetta Colville; they would have compelled her to sing an aria on the spot, &c., &c.; but, oh, shame for the romance of real life! we lost our money to a set of ragamuffins, and had not even the consolation of having it taken from us by a gentleman (!) with a high-crowned hat and a tail of gorgeous ribbons, and who would sing while he took it, to soothe our wounded feelings. There's where it stings; there is where we are humbled. But to return to Albisola. The driver came shortly after the departure of the thieves, and, although it could not be proved against him, I will always believe that he was in league with them."

THE late Lowell Mason once led the choir in a church where it was the custom to take up the collections during the singing. Determined to put a stop to this, he had an understanding with the collectors to this effect. One afternoon, when the usual time for taking the collection came, they kept their seats. The minister inquiring why it was, Mr. Mason said, that as the collection was taken up during the singing in the forenoon, they had concluded to have it taken up during the prayer in the afternoon.

Knowledge may increase sin if the heart is not educated as well as the head.

The Impressario.

St. Louis. October. 1872.

The Matinee of the Beethoven Conservatory of Music.

THE oldest and most famous of our conservatories gave its first matinee on Thursday, Sept. 26th, at the Mercantile Library Hall. The musical critic of the *Democrat* only expresses our opinion in the following well-written criticism, which we copy for the benefit of our musical readers:

"The hall, at this matinee, was crowded to its utmost capacity by a brilliant and fashionable audience. The programme consisted of instrumental and vocal music, aided by a powerful orchestra, who executed the opening piece, 'Der Freischutz' overture, with such precision and delicately-defined harmony, that the connoisseur could see at once that it had been well rehearsed. The next piece on the programme was a Scherzo by Chopin, which introduced Prof. Hanken, one of the teachers at the Conservatory, for the first time to a St. Louis audience. The rendition of the piece showed that in Mr. Hanken the city had gained a pianist of great merit. He played with exquisite tenderness, and went over the difficult and intricate passages of the composition with much ability. The next piece introduced Prof. di Campi, a finished operatic singer of the modern Italian school. His voice, though evidently laboring under an indisposition, had the clear metallic ring, and his masterly style showed him to be a man of rare vocal culture. The concertante performed by Masters Knaeble and Schillinger showed the attention which is bestowed upon the scholars by the teachers of the Conservatory. The next piece on the programme was a Fantasie Concertante from 'Don Giovanni,' performed by Misses Nellie Carr and Anna Spaeter. It was one of the gems of the evening, for the masterly style and finish with which the young ladies performed this difficult composition. The soprano solo sung by Miss Fritch was well rendered. Her voice is fresh, her delivery tasteful and artistic, and she sang with a sympathetic sweetness which could not fail to win her all hearts. The trio for organ, piano and violin gave the public an opportunity to admire Mrs. Bacon's organ-playing. This lady has the reputation of being one of the best organists in this city, and has already found an engagement at one of the largest churches. Prof. Bausemer played with his accustomed skill the piano part of the trio, while Mr. Waldauer played the violin part in his own inimitable style.

"But the gem of the whole matinee was the masterlike performance of Mr. Lawitzky. His rendition of the 'Concertstueck,' by Weber, was never better performed by any of the pianists in St. Louis. In brilliance of execution and masterly touch, he has very few equals. The Schiller March, which was played by the orchestra, concluded the matinee, and gave Mr. Waldauer an opportunity to show his superior talent as an experienced conductor. It was played with enthusiasm and wonderful precision. Messrs. Waldauer and Lawitzky deserve great credit for their endeavors to instruct and please their scholars and patrons. The expense of a matinee like that given on Thursday is something like $300, and it may well be imagined that neither expense nor trouble is spared to make their entertainments the best concerts of the season."

THE BENEFITS OF CAREFUL REHEARSALS.

THE following statistics are brought forward as illustrative of the great importance of having new plays thoroughly rehearsed before they are acted: "La Vivandiere" was rehearsed for three weeks, and ran about 120 nights; "The Merry Zingara" was rehearsed for three weeks, and ran 132 nights; "Robert the Devil" was rehearsed for three weeks, and ran about 200 nights; "Ages Ago" was rehearsed for three weeks, and ran 350 nights; "The Princess" was rehearsed for three weeks, and ran 90 nights; "The Palace of Truth" was rehearsed for a month, and ran 155 nights; "A Sensation Novel" was rehearsed for three weeks, and ran 120 nights; "Randall's Thumb" was rehearsed for three weeks, and ran, in town and country, for 140 nights; "Creatures of Impulse" was rehearsed for a month, and ran, in town and country, about 120 nights; "An Old Score" was rehearsed for five days, and ran 24 nights; "On Guard" was rehearsed for ten days, and ran 18 nights.

SACRED CONCERT.

A Sacred Concert, for a charitable purpose, took place on the night of the 7th inst., in the Mercantile Library Hall, before a large audience, in which several German Catholic choirs took part, under the leadership of Mr. A. C. Eimer. The concert was the result of an effort initiated last summer by a number of organists to combine the choirs of *all* the Catholic churches in the city in *one* organization, which, had it proved successful, with the amount of musical talent it would have contained, would have given us really a grand concert. But the fell spirit of jealousy or rivalry, both national and professional, which we hope to see at an early day crushed out—more among the leaders, however, than the singers—rendered the effort abortive. The result was a concert by a few of the German choirs, the proceeds of which were devoted to the German Orphan Asylum. However, we hope that the contemplated "Union" may yet be formed.

Of the above performance it can not be said it was what it ought to have been, but no doubt the difficulties were greater and more numerous than appeared to the uninitiated audience, and for this reason criticism should be suspended, and every allowance made, in the sanguine trust that a "Union" effected will lead to better results, and especially that more careful rehearsals will be held, especially with the orchestra.

Mr. Eimer had, also, a part of his *Symphony* performed on this occasion, but as the three principal movements did not occupy more than ten minutes, the inference is inevitable that the subjects were not as fully developed as they should be in a Symphony, and that some other name would have been more appropriate for his composition.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

THE Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, on which $100,000 have been lavished, has hardly closed its successful doors, before the announcement is made that $50,000 have been raised for the purpose of inaugurating a mammoth musical festival during the month of May next. Inasmuch as Theodore Thomas is to be the head and front of the new enterprise, a truly musical as well as a mighty affair it will undoubtedly prove to be. This new enterprise does honor to Cincinnati. We copy the following announcement from the *Musical Visitor* of that city:

AN ARTISTIC MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

It has been decided by several of our most prominent and substantial citizens to hold a grand musical festival in our city next spring. The festival will be held at Exposition Hall the first week in May. A beautiful, artistic musical festival can be given here such as, with her reputation as a musical city, Boston ought to have had, and like unto the annual and triennial festivals recently held at Dusseldorf, Geneva, Wales, England, and other places in Europe.

As an evidence that this high standard can be reached, if not excelled, we are authorized to announce that Theodore Thomas has accepted the musical directorship of the festival, and that his famous orchestra, with its brilliant soloists, will be increased to at least one hundred members, and will perform the instrumental music of the occasion.

The chorus will consist of three thousand voices, and will be made up from the singing societies, both male and female, Americans, Germans, and others, of the West.

That Cincinnati's musical festivals will become as successful and famous as her expositions, no one who is acquainted with the originators can doubt.

How the French Band was Welcomed Home.

OUR cheery Gallic friends, who won such substantial triumphs here during the Jubilee, had a rousing welcome when they arrived at Havre on the return trip. A grand evening festival was inaugurated, and there was a torch-light procession, in which sixty thousand persons took part. The authorities at Havre had arranged that the "Washington," bringing the musicians home, should be signalled from the farthest point at which she could be seen; and as she appeared, and came up to the docks, about mid-day, the crowds were packed along

the streets for miles. The Havre musicians, organized into a grand company, struck up a joyous air of welcome; and when the "Washington" arrived in the interior harbor, the band of the American frigate "Shenandoah" ranged on the ship's deck, intoned the *Marseillaise*, while the officers raised the French flag to the mast-head and dipped three times the Star Spangled Banner. In response from the "Washington" came the rattling refrain of "Yankee Doodle," and the sailors on the "Shenandoah's" rigging were so excited at this that they hurrahed and cheered until they nearly fell from their airy perches. The band then marched to the "Court of Honor," at the Hotel de Ville, where it performed the overture to "Zampa" and the "Marseillaise," and the Mayor presented an address of welcome. All along the railway line to Paris the enthusiasm of the inhabitants knew no bounds.

M. Paulus, the leader of the band, proposes to issue a volume, giving a full account of the trip of the French musicians to Boston and a description of the Jubilee. A pleasant letter from M. Paulus to Mr. Gilmore announces this fact.

The above account of the reception on their return, contrasts strangely with the fact that our citizens, while the band was in this country, through a want of public spirit or a lack of musical culture, failed to invite them to visit our city, and forfeited the pleasure they would have derived from listening to the splendid playing of one of the most accomplished bands in the world—a pleasure which could be had for the asking.

LUCCA IN OPERA.

A Correspondent writes of Lucca's debut in New York, on September 30th, in the opera of "L'Africaine," as follows: "She established herself a favorite before the opera was half through. Her performance did not close until a very late hour, and a portion of the audience were obliged to leave before her great triumph. If we miss something of the delicacy and sweetness of Nilsson in her vocalism, we find a greater fullness of tone, with a freedom and finish which are highly satisfying; and withal a stage presence, though she be *petite* in stature, which makes her an artist of the first rank. She sings like a bird—like a full-throated canary. The troupe, as a whole, is a very superior one. The tenor will at once become a favorite; no falsetto notes in his voice, and his love-making is perfection itself."

A VETERAN SINGER.

NYM CRINKLE, in writing of Mario, says: I saw him on Broadway the other morning. He walks down the dear, delightful street every morning for the air, though I can't see what he finds in the air that is rejuvenating; can you? And the old veteran, worn and seamed with a quarter of a century's tussle with managers, looked as hale and hearty as could be expected.

He hasn't altered in a hair; but is just the same magnificent and lordly child that he was twenty years ago. He still believes with innocent credulity that the world was constructed and peopled with direct reference to his comfort. And he smiled benignantly and gratefully upon the rich stores and the sumptuous ladies much as a prince smiles upon the flowers and flags and arches that his subjects prepare for him.

Something of the lover there is still in his bearing; that amatory grace so peculiarly Italian —the romanza softness and sensuousness that age can not wither.

BEETHOVEN'S GALLANTRY.

WE can never be tired of borrowing from the interesting biography of Beethoven, published in *La Plume*. The very smallest details relative to the life of this great genius are always interesting; and the following are authentic, as they are related to us by an eye witness, the Dr. C. * * * * : "Beethoven was at this time very actively engaged in composing his 'Messe Solennelle,' a work which was to be his master-piece, and which he much regretted he was not able to complete in time for the ecclesiastical ceremonies in honor of the Archduke Rudolph being raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Olmutz. 'My domestic troubles,' he said to me one day, 'are the cause which has impeded the realization of this favorite project of mine. I have worked through again, and I hope for the last time, the "Kyrie," the true expression of my most intimate thought, a work after my own heart.' Then suddenly turning to me he said, 'Do you believe, young man, in the immortality of the soul?' After hesitating a moment, I replied, that one of my favorite ideas was that of a double immortality, one on the other side of the grave and the other on earth, acquired by man by his merits. Just as I had finished speaking, several ladies from Vienna drew near to Beethoven in order to inquire about his health, etc. I was astonished to see how easily this man of genius passed from thoughts of a most serious nature to those attentions which men of the world are such adepts in paying to the fair sex. Now was the time to judge of the polite composer of whom the following anecdote is related: At Vienna, a lady, no doubt his ideal of the time being, happened to say at the theatre, during a representation of Paisiello's opera, "Molinara," that she had had some variations upon the theme of the duet, 'Nel cor piu non mi sento," but that she had lost them. Beethoven hastened to compose some fresh ones during the night, and these he sent the next morning to the fair lady, with the following inscription upon them: 'Variazione sopra il duetto, Nel cor piu non mi sento, perdute dal la * * * * ritrovate da Luigi von Beethoven.' (Variations upon the duet, 'Nel cor piu non mi sento,' lost in the ———, found by Luigi von Beethoven). Twenty-five years had but slightly influenced his gallantry. I related this anecdote to Deinhardstein, who replied that there were two Beethovens; one serious and often brusque in his manner towards men, the other always amiable and polite to the ladies."—*Gazette Musicale.*

An Aristocratic Performance.

THE late Herr Wieprecht, says the *Musical World*, besides being an Imperial Kammermusikus and bandmaster-in-chief of the entire corps of the Prussian Guard, was a member of the Berlin Officers' Orchestral Union, which he helped to found. In the year 1864, Herr Von Hulsen got up, in the concert-room of the Theatre Royal, a performance for a charitable purpose. The programme consisted of three one-act French pieces. All the actors were noblemen; even the servant, who had nothing to do save to bring in lights and arrange the chairs, was a marquis. The admission was two gold Fredericks. In one of the pieces Herr Von Hulsen played a commercial traveler, and, in a couplet of his own manufacture, described so graphically the joys and sufferings which fall to the lot of the Intendent of the Theatre Royal in Prussia, that he was frantically applauded and several times recalled. Nothing about this aristocratic performance was more peculiar and extraordinary than the band. This consisted exclusively of cavalry, infantry, and artillery officers, all in full gala uniform. An old major acted as conductor; a very swell captain of hussars, with tremendous whiskers, played the clarionet; an exceedingly lanky lieutenant in the guard officiated on the kettle-drum; a colonel of lancers played the tenor violin, and so on. Wieprecht was one of the gathering. Never, says the writer in the *Staatsburger Zietung*, who is the authority for the anecdote, shall I forget his appearance. He wore the full dress gala uniform coat, with the stiff collar, on which the five lines of the stave were embroidered in gold. Encased in the collar, he looked like a Spanish criminal in the garotte. His face was particularly red. In this guise he wielded the bow of the double-bass, and it is impossible to imagine aught more comical than "Father Wieprecht" in gala uniform, playing the double-bass. The King and Queen had seats close by the orchestra. Wieprecht gave a military salute, which the King acknowledged, laughing, however, more heartily than, perhaps, he had ever laughed before. The Queen, too, nodded in a friendly manner, and then, turning away, held her handkerchief before her mouth, so as not to laugh aloud. But Wieprecht was not to be put out. He played a solo written by himself for the double-bass, and he played it, moreover, with such correctness and such feeling as to call forth tumultuous applause, in which the whole Royal Family took part. When it was at an end, the King leant over into the orchestra and shook hands heartily with the musician. Wieprecht was transported to the seventh heaven of delight; and what with joy and his gala uniform his face was perfectly sky-blue.

SINGING IN OUR SCHOOLS.

A NATION should learn to sing as well as to talk. Man is endowed with the organs and capacity to sing, and there is no doubt that he ought to exercise them. He misses great enjoyment by neglecting this duty. Many men with very fine voices seldom or never sing, because they do not know how. They never began to learn, or, if they made an attempt, it was done under such disadvantages as rendered failure disheartening and inevitable.

It is hard for an adult to acquire the rudiments of music. They ought to be learned in childhood. Musical notation should form a part of the juvenile curriculum. Every boy and girl should become versed in it as well as in his grammar and arithmetic. It should be taught in its application to singing by competent musicians on correct principles in all our schools, and in a generation or so hereafter the youth and adults of both sexes would sing with the same facility, precision and expressiveness that liberally educated people now speak.

There is no reason why Americans should be behind the Germans in the art of singing, for we have only to set about the acquisition of proficiency in a right and reasonable way to attain success with inevitable certainty. Children should be instructed in the rudiments of notation in all our public schools, and learn to sing at sight, not only the scales and intervals, but elementary exercises written by the instructor, or by the pupil at the former's dictation, on the black-board For children to get a number of tunes by "ear and heart," like so many parrots, is of little use, and contributes nothing to advancement in music. It is possible to teach them by the aid of an instrument and a great deal of drilling to execute a few pieces in good style, but if they have not learned to know one note from another, to give a scale or an interval rightly, the time and labor, except for the purposes of delusive exhibition, are wasted, or would at any rate be far more profitably bestowed on some study that would fit the learner for independent acquisition and performance in the future.

At any early age the attainment of the art of singing at sight and in chorus, in correct time and tune, would be about as easy a task as could be set the rising generation at its most impressible period. The musical ear of the race would, by the exercise, be immeasurably improved, and we should become a nation of singers. In our home circles, in our social gatherings, in our churches and public assemblages, we should by this medium find ourselves at least in harmonious accord, and a source of the most innocent, refined and delightful pleasure would be always at our command. It would render us more than ever a united and happy people. It is to our public schools that we must look for the elements to form efficient choral societies, that will be capable of rendering full justice to the works of the great masters. If their scholars are all grounded in the rudiments of sight and part singing, the howling in direful unison, which in private and public circles and in our churches now passes for singing, will soon be heard no more, or be confined to lunatic asylums, and our singing at home and elsewhere for our own gratification and in the Lord's services, will be performed not only "decently and in order," but in a manner creditable to each individual's taste and culture, and to our national pre-eminence and progress.—*Exchange.*

To deal frankly, honestly, and firmly with all men, turns out best in the long run.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A good deacon being asked to subscribe for buying a chandelier for the church, objected, saying: "Now, what is the use of a chandelier? After you get it, you can't get anybody to play on it!"

Signor Campanini, the new tenor, will accompany Adelina Patti to this country for the opera season of 1873–4.

A musical student has discovered why vessels experience no trouble in going to C. They have the compass.

A musical connoisseur says Maine may challenge any State in the Union to produce four such singers as Miss Cary, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Dennett and Mr. Beckett, all natives of Maine.

It is rumored that Johann Strauss is to make an American tour under engagement to Mr. Fred. Rullmann, in the season of 1873–4, accompanied by his Vienna orchestra.

"Madam," said a pompous husband whose wife had stole up behind him and given him a kiss, "madam, I consider such an act indecorous!" "Excuse me," retorted the wife, "I didn't know it was you!"

Victorien Sardou's copyrights for "Le Roi Carrotte," up to July 1, amounted to 90,000 francs. No doubt he finds the drama more profitable than literature.

"Mamma says it is not polite to ask for cake," said a little boy.

"No," was the reply; "it does not look well in little boys to do so."

"But," said the urchin, "she didn't say I must not eat a piece if you gave it to me."

Why is the strap of an omnibus like a man's conscience? Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

A Parisian landlady requested a Christmas party on the third floor to cease dancing, as a man below was dying. The guests acquiesced. Returning an hour later, "My dear children," she exclaimed, with the most benevolent smile, "You may begin again—he's dead."

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home and unobtrusive abroad.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—*Washington Irving.*

The poor guest is usually best pleased with being well treated and least likely to get it.

To wish to do without our fellows, and to be under obligation to no one, is a sure sign of a soul void of sensibility.

A man recently knocked down an elephant. He was an auctioneer.

"How is your honor, Pat?" "Unimpeachable, sir," was the reply.

An old Spanish writer says: "To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is godlike."

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world; and his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

A man asked a boy who was digging in a hill-side, what he was digging for. "A woodchuck," said the boy. "You can't get him," said the man, "he can dig faster than you."

"I must get him," said the boy, "our folks are out of meat."

An English piano-maker has got ahead of the "Yanks" by sending a magnificent instrument as a wedding present to the Empress of China. She has had the "innards" taken out and set the thing up in her chamber as a kennel for her favorite "joss."

The Paris *Figaro* says that Madame Adelina Patti is worth 1,000,000 francs, and that Christine Nilsson is still richer, while Pauline Lucca has lost her whole fortune in consequence of the extravagance of her husband, Baron von Rhaden, an officer in one of the regiments of the Prussian Life Guards.

M. Jules Simon, the French Minister, has taken in hand the reformation of the songs of the working classes. He has called upon the Principal of the Paris Conservatoire (M. Ambroise Thomas) to supply a collection of solos, duets, and concerted pieces, by the great composers of sacred and musical works, for the use of the people, in order to displace the vulgar, commonplace, and lugubrious compositions now sung by operatives and peasants. It is a pity there is no "Simon Pure" here to take the same course with our music halls.

An old man who believed that "what was to be would be," but who was very particular to have his gun with him when he went among the Indians, was once disappointed in one of his usual trips because his gun was not within reach. Tantalized by the suggestion that he "would not die till his time came," and that the want of his gun made no matter, "But," said he, "suppose I should meet an Indian whose time came, I would not like to be without my gun."

Among the many artistic objects that will figure at the forthcoming international exhibition at Vienna, one of the most interesting will be a model of Solomon's temple, carved in lime-tree wood, from the descriptions of Flavius Josephus. Some idea may be formed of the size of the model when it is stated that it occupies a space two hundred and twenty-five square feet, and that twenty-three cases will be required to transport it to its destination.

The title of the novel on which the author of "The Caxton Family" is engaged is "Kenelm Chillingly: his adventures and opinions."

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There trembled a voice at the window:
"I have not a home where to go;"
And still the dark night went on, freezing
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LITTLE ANGEL MARY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Happy was our little Mary—
Happy with the smiles of love;
But she heard the angels calling,
And her spirit rests above, &c.

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, angel Mary,
Closed her eyes in slumber sweet—
Angel brother, angel sister,
Called where little children meet.

Words by V. J. ENGLE. Music by H. BOLLMAN.

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